MYSTIC... THE MOST EERIE STORIES EVER TOLD!

MYSTIC

10¢

MAY NO. 20

ATLAS

MONTHLY

"THE DOOR THAT NEVER OPENS!"

"HIS DEAD WIFE!"

"IN THE WAKE OF THE WEREWOLVES!"

"THE WITCH AND I!"

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"THE DOOR THAT NEVER OPENS!"

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RUN THE BEST "SHOE STORE BUSINESS" IN YOUR TOWN!

Not Just Shoes... But SPECIAL KINDS OF SHOES!

BIG FULL OR SPARE TIME PROFITS! SATISFY CUSTOMERS MOST STORES ARE NOT ABLE TO TAKE CARE OF!

HERE'S THE BUSINESS YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED! YEAR 'ROUND—REPEAT ORDERS FROM FRIENDS, NEIGHBORS, EVERYBODY — STEADY PROFITS — UNLIMITED PROSPECTS — A QUALITY PRODUCT THAT'S NATIONALLY KNOWN! Start full or spare time with a "shoe store business" in your pocket. No expense of overhead, lights, etc.— . your big profit is ALL YOURS!

We set you up in this fine business FREE. See how easy it is to make BIG MONEY with Mason's new "Wonder Line" of shoes for men and women. Wonderful styles, extra-comfort features; amazing range of sizes and widths. You feature over 150 styles of dress, sport and work shoes. Sizes from 5 to 16, widths AAAA to EEEE. No wonder no shoe store in your town can compete with you!

Make hundreds of *extra* dollars every month by selling *specially designed* Mason air-cushioned service shoes to filling station attendants, garage men, postmen, truck drivers, grocers, other people who work in stores, offices, industries. Watch your customer list grow—see how easy it is to earn exciting cash profits when customers RE-ORDER from you.

STEEL SAFETY TOE SHOES! The last word in foot safety! You feature Steel Safety Toe shoes in many good-looking styles. Workers want to save feet from injury. Safety Toe shoes help do the job—put EXTRA dollars into your bank account!

OUTSTANDING LEATHERS! Imported Australian Kangaroo Leather, Calfskin—Lustrous Shell Cordovan—Rugged Horsehide—actual shoe samples of these fine quality leathers furnished FREE to qualified men!

NEOPRENE and ORO-CORK SOLES and HEELS! Work shoes have special features for different occupations. Oil-Resistant Du-Pont Neoprene soles, heels, Oro-Cork Slip-Resistant soles, heels wanted by service station men, garage men, factory workers, thousands in other occupations—help make shoes so fast-selling!

AIR-CUSHION COMFORT! Foamy-soft Air-Cushion innersole cushions feet on thousands of air bubbles. Customers rave about comfort of "walking on air"! You get actual Air-Cushion demonstrator. Just say "Feel that Cushion." When customers do—they buy!

EXCLUSIVE FEATURES SELL MASON SHOES QUICKLY FOR YOU!

Mason Shoes are nationally known for extra comfort features. Just hand prospects your Cut-away 10-second Air Cushion Demonstrator. When they feel the foamy-soft, heel-to-toe Velvet-eez Air Cushion they realize how wonderfully comfortable it is to "Walk on air!" Then point out the sturdy steel shank for extra strength, plus special Air Cushion Arch Support. Mason Velvet-eez shoes are the *only* footwear sold direct that bears the famed Good Housekeeping Guarantee Seal. Because these fine shoes are NOT sold in stores, people must buy from YOU!

WE START YOU ON THE WAY TO EXCITING PROFITS FREE!

No need to invest a cent, ever. We send you our Powerful Selling Outfit that has proved to be a real money-maker for so many thousands of men—absolutely FREE! We back you up with National Advertising, proved Sales Aids, even MORE, as soon as you show us you are really interested in making BIG MONEY.

"TERRIFIC INCOME!" Edward McCarty of Illinois says: "The day I started to sell Mason Velvet-eez shoes was the luckiest day of my life! My income now is simply terrific!"

SEND TODAY . . . Start Your Own Profitable Business RIGHT AWAY!

DO YOU want to make steady EXTRA money? Do you want *real security?* Do you want to be able to afford the things you've always only dreamed about? — then send this coupon TODAY! We will rush your powerful Free Selling Outfit that features over 150 fast-selling Mason Shoe styles for men and women — Air-Cushion Demonstrator, How-To-Make-Money Booklet, *everything* you need to make money from the first hour!

SEND COUPON FOR FREE OUTFIT!

Mr. Ned Mason, Dept. MA-44
Mason Shoe Mfg. Co.
Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin

I want to make really BIG MONEY with Mason shoes! Rush my FREE Selling Outfit so I can start running the best "Shoe Store Business" in my town.

Name_____

Address_____ Age_____

Town_____ State_____

MASON SHOE MFG. CO.
CHIPPEWA FALLS, WISC.
DEPT. MA-44

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I'M THE LUCKIEST MAN ALIVE... BECAUSE MY MOTHER IS A WITCH! WITH THE HELP OF HER BLACK ARTS, I WILL CONQUER THE WORLD! NOTHING ON EARTH WILL BE ABLE TO UNDERSTAND THE AWFUL POWER OF...

THE WITCH AND I!

MY HEART HAMMERED WITH EAGERNESS AS I WATCHED MOTHER LABOR OVER THE TINY HOUSE...

FOR YEARS MY ONLY WISH HAS BEEN TO RENOUNCE MY EVIL TRADE, AND TO LAY ASIDE MY CLOAK OF DARKNESS, BUT YOU WILL NOT PERMIT IT! I DO THIS ONLY BECAUSE YOU ARE MY SON!

EXCITEMENT AND FIERY IMPATIENCE MOUNTED WITHIN ME AS I WATCHED THE HOUSE TAKE SHAPE UNDER HER CAREFUL FINGERS...

WHEN IT WAS AT LAST FINISHED, I RESERVED FOR MYSELF THE EXQUISITE JOY OF APPLYING THE TORCH...

THE HOUSE IS ON FIRE! RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!

THE FLAMES SPRANG OUT OF NOWHERE! LIKE... LIKE WITCH FIRE!

AND I HAD REASON FOR MY SAVAGE RAPTURE! FOR I KNEW THAT ON THIS SAME INSTANT, AT THE HOUSE OF THE MAN I HATED, A DRAMA OF TERROR WAS BEING ENACTED!

IVAN WAS LUCKY THAT HE AND HIS FAMILY ESCAPED ALIVE!

I FEAR IT HAS HAPPENED BECAUSE IVAN HAS ANGERED THE COUNT ORTESCU! THE COUNT, THEY SAY, HAS STRANGE POWERS!

ONE OF THE WORLD'S MOST MYSTIC TALES!

OF COURSE, WHEN I VISITED IVAN MARLOK ON THE FOLLOWING MORNING, I WAS TOO CLEVER TO REVEAL MY TRUE THOUGHTS...
I HAVE HEARD OF THE TERRIBLE MISFORTUNE THAT HAS BEFALLEN YOU, MARLOK! I AM DESOLATE!
THE CATASTROPHE HAPPENED OUT OF NOWHERE ...AND IT HAS RUINED ME! I HAVE LOST EVERYTHING!
THEN I AM SURE YOU ARE NOW READY TO SELL ME YOUR LANDS AT THE PRICE I PREVIOUSLY OFFERED!
I...I DO NOT KNOW! PERHAPS I SHOULD, BUT MY BROTHER MICHAEL HAS OFFERED TO ASSIST ME...
I'VE TOLD IVAN THAT AS LONG AS I HAVE MONEY, HE NEED NEVER SELL YOU HIS LAND AT THE CHEATING PRICE YOU OFFERED!
I WAS ANGERED AT BEING THWARTED BY IVAN MARLOK'S MISSHAPEN BROTHER, MICHAEL, AT THE MOMENT WHEN I WAS ABOUT TO ENJOY THE FRUITS OF MY VICTORY! I RUSHED FORWARD...
A TASTE OF MY RIDING CROP WILL TEACH YOU TO TALK TO YOUR BETTERS IN THAT FASHION, YOU MISERABLE PEASANT!
OWW!
NOW I KNOW I WILL NEVER SELL YOU MY LANDS!
MY DISPLAY OF TEMPER WAS UNFORTUNATE, FOR IT ONLY MADE THE MARLOK BROTHERS MORE DETERMINED TO RESIST ME! BUT AT LEAST THERE WAS ONE GOOD RESULT OF THE FIGHT... ONE WHICH THE TWO PEASANTS NEVER DREAMED OF...
THREE HAIRS! HAIRS THAT I PULLED FROM THE HEAD OF MICHAEL MARLOK!
I COULD HARDLY WAIT UNTIL I HAD REACHED MY CASTLE AND UNTIL MY MOTHER HAD PREPARED THE CHARM...
HURRY, MOTHER, HURRY! AND DON'T FORGET TO ADD THE THREE HAIRS!
I HAVE ALWAYS HOPED THAT YOU WOULD SOMEDAY TURN FROM YOUR PATH OF EVIL! NOW I FEAR THAT YOU NEVER WILL!
BLACK SPOTS... LIKE GREAT FESTERING SORES... ARE APPEARING ALL OVER MY BODY! OW-W!
IT'S BECAUSE WE DEFIED COUNT ORTESCU! HIS POWER IS TOO GREAT FOR US! WE MUST YIELD!
OF COURSE MY TRIUMPH OVER THE MARLOK BROTHERS WAS VERY GRATIFYING! BUT AS THE DAYS WENT BY, THERE WERE OCCASIONS WHEN I WAS FORCED TO PUNISH OTHERS OF THE MORE UNRULY PEASANTS...
LOOK! UGLY BOILS ARE APPEARING ON THE CHEST OF OUR LEADER IGOR! IT HAPPENED JUST AS THE CARRIAGE OF COUNT ORTESCU WAS PASSING!
AIEEE!
THE COUNT IS ENSLAVING US ALL!
SOON I SHALL OWN MORE LAND AND WEALTH THAN ANYONE IN RUMANIA ...THAN ANYONE IN THE WORLD!
BUT UNKNOWN TO ME, THE FATES WERE PREPARING A BITTER DISAPPOINTMENT, FOR ONE AFTERNOON WHEN I RETURNED TO THE CASTLE...
MOTHER! WHAT HAS HAPPENED?
IT WAS NOT MY FAULT, MASTER! I WAS ASSISTING HER UP THE STEPS WHEN SHE FELL!
YES, MY SON! MY BODY HAS GROWN TOO WEAK TO SUPPORT ME!

OF COURSE, I HAD MY STUPID SERVANT, KARL, WHIPPED FOR HIS CLUMSINESS... FIFTY STROKES WITH A KNOTTED LASH...

TENDERLY, I CARRIED MY MOTHER TO HER ROOM...BUT I HAD ONLY TO LOOK INTO HER FACE, GREY WITH PAIN, TO KNOW THAT THE END WAS NEAR...

MOTHER! I-I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY!

MY SON, THERE IS NO TIME TO WASTE ON A FOOLISH PRETENSE OF GRIEF! GO...GO TO THE TRUNK THAT YOU SEE BY THE WINDOW! BRING ME WHAT YOU FIND THERE!

I HASTENED TO OBEY MY MOTHER'S COMMAND! I WAS AMAZED AT WHAT I FOUND IN THE TRUNK...

A TINY MANIKIN! IS THIS ANOTHER OF YOUR STRANGE CHARMS?

YES, IT IS A MANIKIN OF YOUR WORST ENEMY! SO OFTEN YOU HAVE TURNED MY MYSTIC POWERS TO YOUR EVIL PURPOSES...THIS WILL BE MY LAST SERVICE FOR YOU!

EVEN AS MY MOTHER SPOKE, THE WORDS CHOKED OFF IN HER THROAT! I HEARD THE FATAL RATTLE...

YOUR WHOLE FUTURE LIFE WILL DEPEND ON WHAT USE YOU MAKE OF THIS CHARM! YOU MUST... YOU MUST...

MOTHER! SHE...SHE DOESN'T HEAR ME... SHE'S DEAD!

EVEN IN HER DYING HOURS, MY MOTHER HAD PREPARED A FINAL GIFT...ONE THAT MIGHT WELL PROVE THE MOST PRICELESS OF ALL! SO DISTRACTED WAS I THAT I DID NOT EVEN HEAR THE WAIL OF THE MOURNERS DURING THE FUNERAL...

MY WORST ENEMY! WHEN I HAVE DESTROYED HIM MY FUTURE WILL BE ASSURED!

MY MIND WAS A FEVER OF PLANS! WHAT WOULD BE THE MOST APPROPRIATE REVENGE FOR THIS, MY VILEST OF FOES? SHOULD I PUNCTURE HIM WITH RED-HOT NEEDLES?

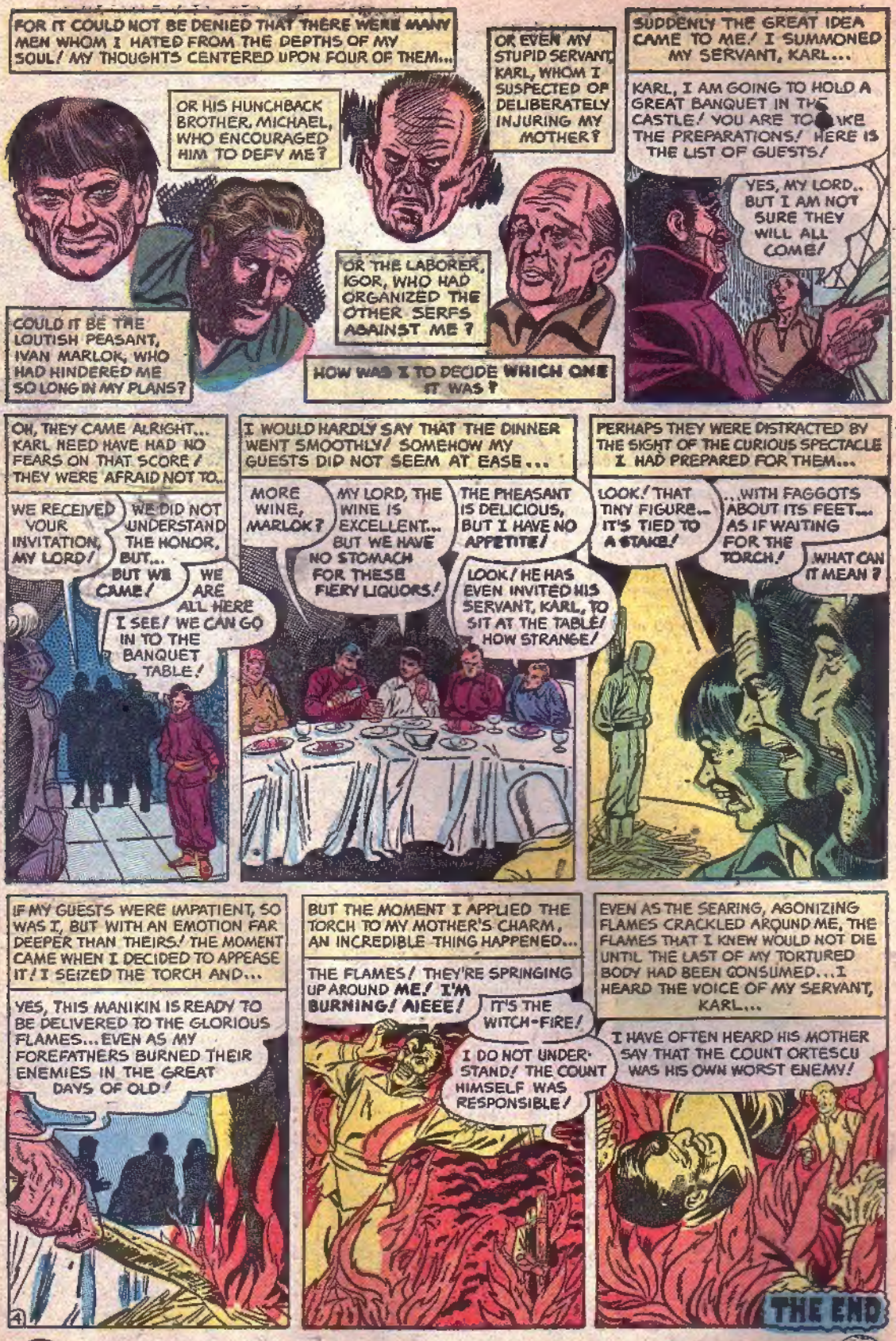
OR SHOULD I BREAK HIS AGONIZED BODY OVER THE RACK?

OR SHOULD I SEAR THE FLESH FROM HIS BONES WITH ACID?

ACID

BUT EVEN AS I WAS TASTING, IN ANTICIPATION, THE ECSTASY OF MY REVENGE...A THOUGHT STRUCK ME!

BUT THE MANIKIN HAS NO FACE! HOW AM I TO KNOW WHO MY WORST ENEMY IS?


FOR IT COULD NOT BE DENIED THAT THERE WERE MANY MEN WHOM I HATED FROM THE DEPTHS OF MY SOUL! MY THOUGHTS CENTERED UPON FOUR OF THEM...
OR EVEN MY STUPID SERVANT, KARL, WHOM I SUSPECTED OF DELIBERATELY INJURING MY MOTHER?
OR HIS HUNCHBACK BROTHER, MICHAEL, WHO ENCOURAGED HIM TO DEFY ME?
OR THE LABORER, IGOR, WHO HAD ORGANIZED THE OTHER SERFS AGAINST ME?
COULD IT BE THE LOUTISH PEASANT, IVAN MARLOK, WHO HAD HINDERED ME SO LONG IN MY PLANS?
HOW WAS I TO DECIDE WHICH ONE IT WAS?
SUDDENLY THE GREAT IDEA CAME TO ME! I SUMMONED MY SERVANT, KARL...
KARL, I AM GOING TO HOLD A GREAT BANQUET IN THE CASTLE! YOU ARE TO MAKE THE PREPARATIONS! HERE IS THE LIST OF GUESTS!
YES, MY LORD.. BUT I AM NOT SURE THEY WILL ALL COME!
OH, THEY CAME ALRIGHT... KARL NEED HAVE HAD NO FEARS ON THAT SCORE! THEY WERE AFRAID NOT TO..
WE RECEIVED YOUR INVITATION, MY LORD!
WE DID NOT UNDERSTAND THE HONOR, BUT...
BUT WE CAME!
WE ARE ALL HERE
I SEE! WE CAN GO IN TO THE BANQUET TABLE!
I WOULD HARDLY SAY THAT THE DINNER WENT SMOOTHLY! SOMEHOW MY GUESTS DID NOT SEEM AT EASE...
MORE WINE, MARLOK?
MY LORD, THE WINE IS EXCELLENT... BUT WE HAVE NO STOMACH FOR THESE FIERY LIQUORS!
THE PHEASANT IS DELICIOUS, BUT I HAVE NO APPETITE!
LOOK! HE HAS EVEN INVITED HIS SERVANT, KARL, TO SIT AT THE TABLE! HOW STRANGE!
PERHAPS THEY WERE DISTRACTED BY THE SIGHT OF THE CURIOUS SPECTACLE I HAD PREPARED FOR THEM...
LOOK! THAT TINY FIGURE... IT'S TIED TO A STAKE!
...WITH FAGGOTS ABOUT ITS FEET... AS IF WAITING FOR THE TORCH!
WHAT CAN IT MEAN?
IF MY GUESTS WERE IMPATIENT, SO WAS I, BUT WITH AN EMOTION FAR DEEPER THAN THEIRS! THE MOMENT CAME WHEN I DECIDED TO APPEASE IT! I SEIZED THE TORCH AND...
YES, THIS MANIKIN IS READY TO BE DELIVERED TO THE GLORIOUS FLAMES... EVEN AS MY FOREFATHERS BURNED THEIR ENEMIES IN THE GREAT DAYS OF OLD!
BUT THE MOMENT I APPLIED THE TORCH TO MY MOTHER'S CHARM, AN INCREDIBLE THING HAPPENED...
THE FLAMES! THEY'RE SPRINGING UP AROUND ME! I'M BURNING! AIEEE!
IT'S THE WITCH-FIRE!
I DO NOT UNDERSTAND! THE COUNT HIMSELF WAS RESPONSIBLE!
EVEN AS THE SEARING, AGONIZING FLAMES CRACKLED AROUND ME, THE FLAMES THAT I KNEW WOULD NOT DIE UNTIL THE LAST OF MY TORTURED BODY HAD BEEN CONSUMED... I HEARD THE VOICE OF MY SERVANT, KARL...
I HAVE OFTEN HEARD HIS MOTHER SAY THAT THE COUNT ORTESCU WAS HIS OWN WORST ENEMY!
THE END

ATLAS FOR THE BEST IN SUSPENSE STORIES LOOK FOR THE ATLAS SEAL ON THE COVER! ATLAS

IF IT SLIPS... IF IT CHAFES... IF IT GRIPES... THEN

THROW AWAY THAT TRUSS!

Why put up with days . . . months . . . YEARS of discomfort, worry, and fear—if we provide you with the support you want and need? Learn NOW about this perfected truss-invention for most forms of reducible rupture. Surely you keenly desire . . . you eagerly CRAVE to enjoy most of life's activities and pleasures once again. To work . . . to play . . to live . . to love . . . with the haunting fear of Rupture lessened in your thoughts! Literally *thousands* of Rupture sufferers *have* entered this *Kingdom of Paradise Regained* . . . have worn our Appliance without the slightest inconvenience. Perhaps we can do as much for you. Some wise man said, "Nothing is impossible in this world"—and it is true, for where other trusses have failed is where we have had our greatest success in many cases! Even doctors—thousands of them—have ordered for themselves and their patients. Unless your case is absolutely hopeless *do not despair*. The coupon below brings our Free Rupture Book in plain envelope. Send the coupon now.

Patented AIR-CUSHION Support Gives *Wonderful Protection*

Think of it! Here's a surprising yet simple-acting invention that helps Nature support the weakened muscles gently but securely, day and night. Thousands of grateful letters express heartfelt thanks for relief from pain and worry,—results beyond the expectations of the writers. What is this invention—how does it work? Will it help me? Get the complete, fascinating facts on the Brooks Air-Cushion Appliance—send now for *free* Rupture Book.

Cheap—Sanitary—Comfortable

Rich or poor—ANYONE can afford to buy this remarkable, LOW-PRICED rupture invention! But look out for imitations and counterfeits. The Genuine Brooks Air-Cushion Truss is never sold in stores or by agents. Your Brooks is made up, after your order is received, to fit your particular case. You buy direct at the low "maker-to-user" price. The perfected Brooks is sanitary, lightweight, inconspicuous. Has no hard pads to gouge painfully into the flesh, no stiff, punishing springs, no metal girdle to rust or corrode. It is GUARANTEED to bring you heavenly comfort and security,—or it costs you NOTHING. The Air-Cushion works in its own unique way, softly, silently helping Nature support the weakened muscles. Learn what this marvelous invention may mean to you—send coupon quick!

C. E. BROOKS, Inventor

SENT on TRIAL!

No . . . don't order a Brooks now—FIRST get the complete, revealing explanation of this world-famous rupture invention, THEN decide whether you want to try for the comfort—the wonderful degree of freedom—the security—the blessed relief thousands of men, women and children have reported. They found the answer to their prayers! And you risk nothing as the complete Brooks is SENT ON TRIAL. Surely you owe it to yourself to investigate this no-risk trial. Send for the facts now—today—hurry! All correspondence strictly confidential.

FREE! Latest Rupture Book Explains All!

SENT YOU IN PLAIN ENVELOPE **JUST CLIP and SEND COUPON** →

Brooks Appliance Co., 355 State St., Marshall, Mich.

PROOF!

(In our files we have over 52,000 grateful letters like these)

THANKS FROM HAPPY FATHER

"I want to *thank* you very much for what your *wonderful* belt has done for my boy. He had a bad rupture. The very day we received the Appliance I put it on and that was the end of my troubles with his pain and crying. He has not worn it for about a year now."—Otto Fa Blinn, 1500 N. Church, Belleville, Ill.

SOFT BALL PLAYER A BROOKS BOOSTER

"I ordered an Appliance some time back and it really does the job. I'm 38 years old, weight 200 lbs. Play 3rd base on our Soft Ball team. I really give the belt a real test. Thought I would have to give up my ball playing but not now with your rupture belt. Most people won't believe I have a rupture."—Wilbur Moritz, Gerald Mdse., Jacob, Ill.

"IT'S TOPS"

"Words cannot express my feeling towards my Appliance. The minute I put it on, my first words were, 'It's Tops!' I hope another who suffers from such agony of a rupture could take my advice and get a Brooks Air Cushion Appliance."—Jack Sonnier, R1, Box 54A, Lafayette, La.

"DID EVERYTHING YOU CLAIMED"

"I am very happy to say that the truss which I purchased from you a little over a year ago did everything you claimed it would do. My rupture does not come down even though I wear the truss only part time. I shall be glad to tell anyone afflicted as I was what your Appliance did for me."—J. O. Rollinger, 242 Arlington Ave., Sarasota, Fla.

"FORGETS HE IS RUPTURED"

"I had this rupture seven years before I knew of your support, and was in the hospital at the time my son ordered the support for me. Until I started wearing your support I had not found anything to help me. Since wearing your support I can do all my work, and can forget that I am ruptured."—G. B. Russell, Box 106, Cherokee, Ala.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO.
355 State St., Marshall, Mich.

Without obligation, please send your FREE BOOK on Rupture, PROOF of Results, and TRIAL OFFER—all in plain envelope.

Name _____

Street _____

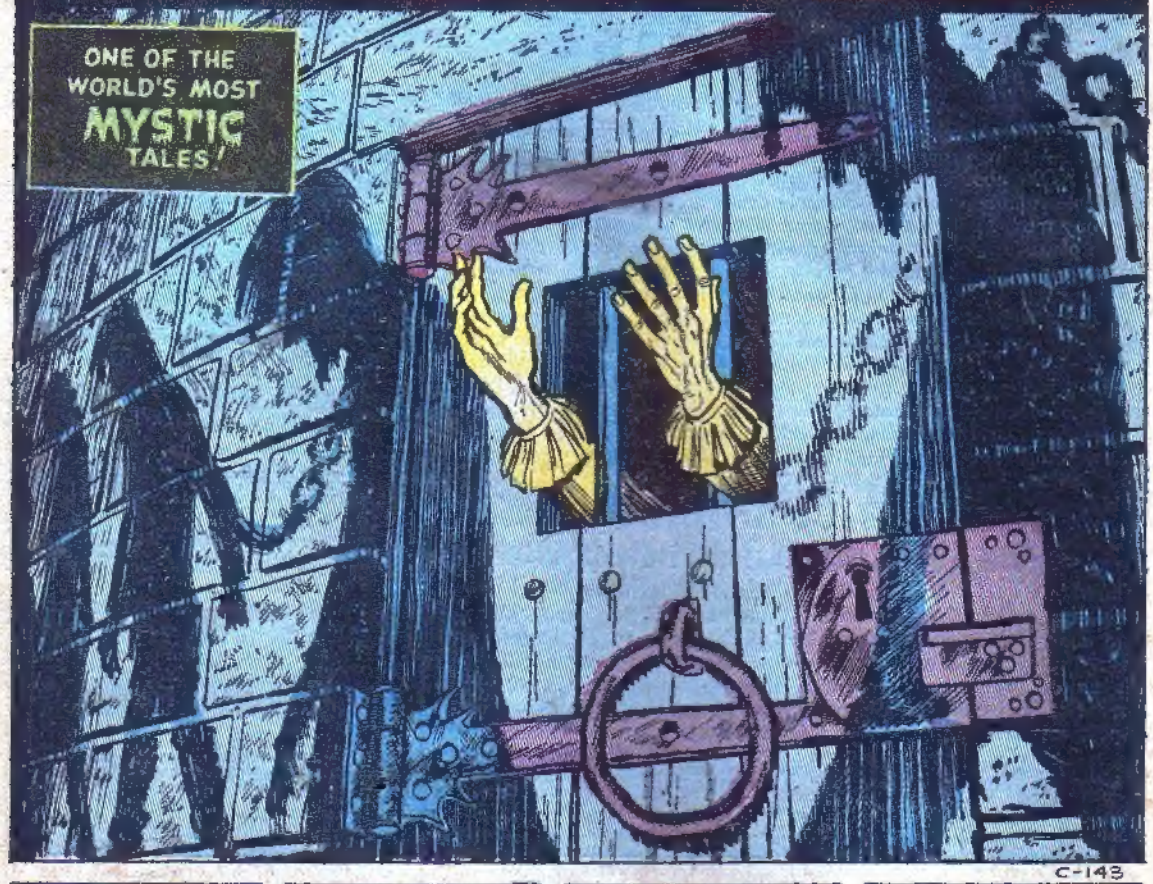
City _____ State _____

State whether for Man ☐ Woman ☐ or Child ☐

ABANDON ALL HOPE, YE WHO ENTER HERE... THIS IS...

THE DOOR THAT NEVER OPENS

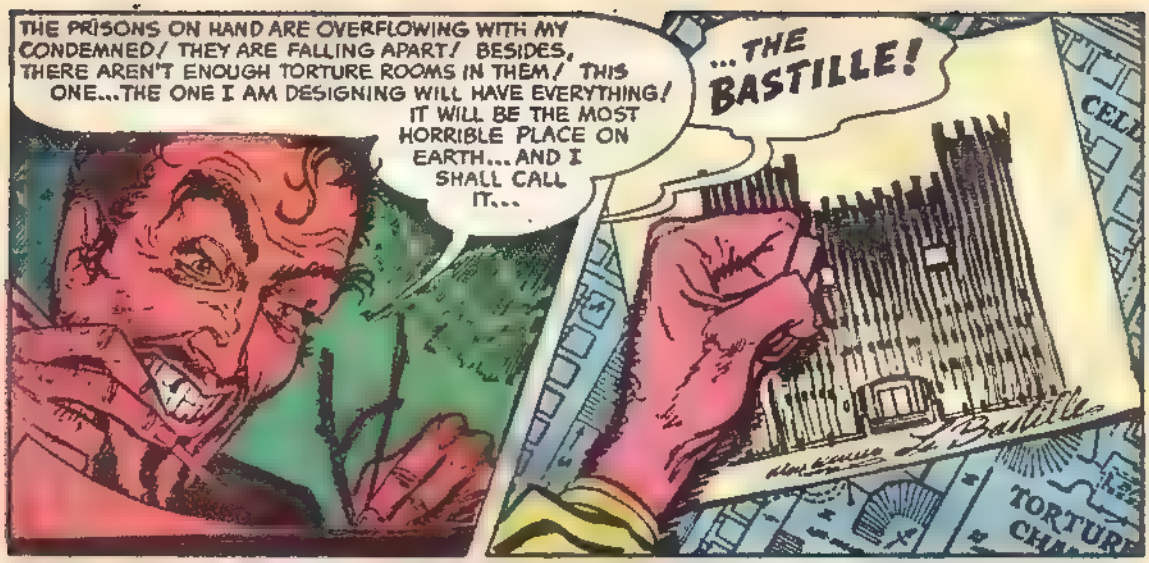
ONE OF THE WORLD'S MOST MYSTIC TALES!

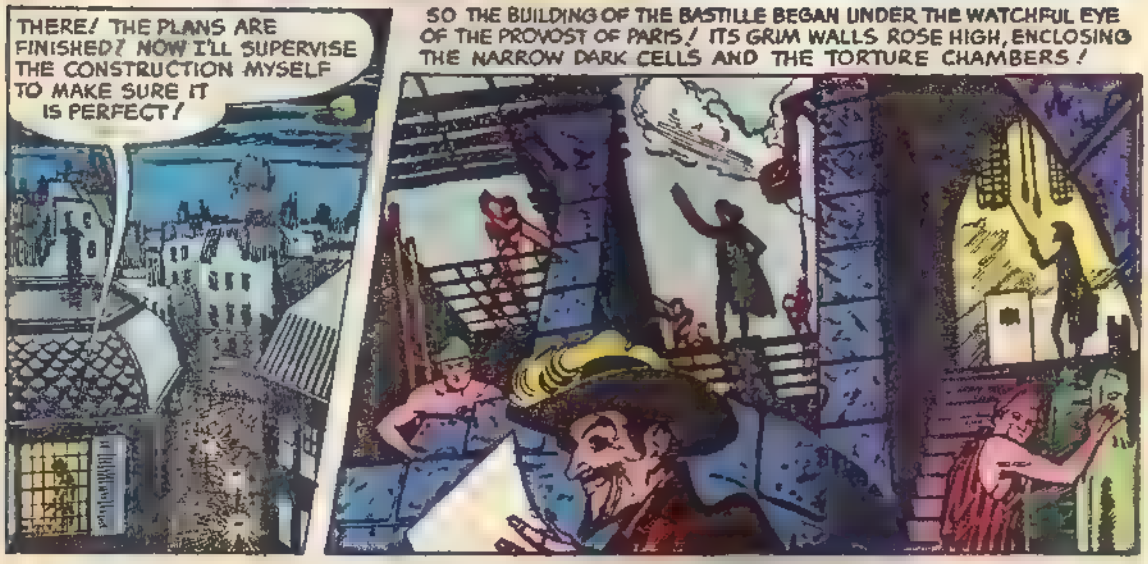


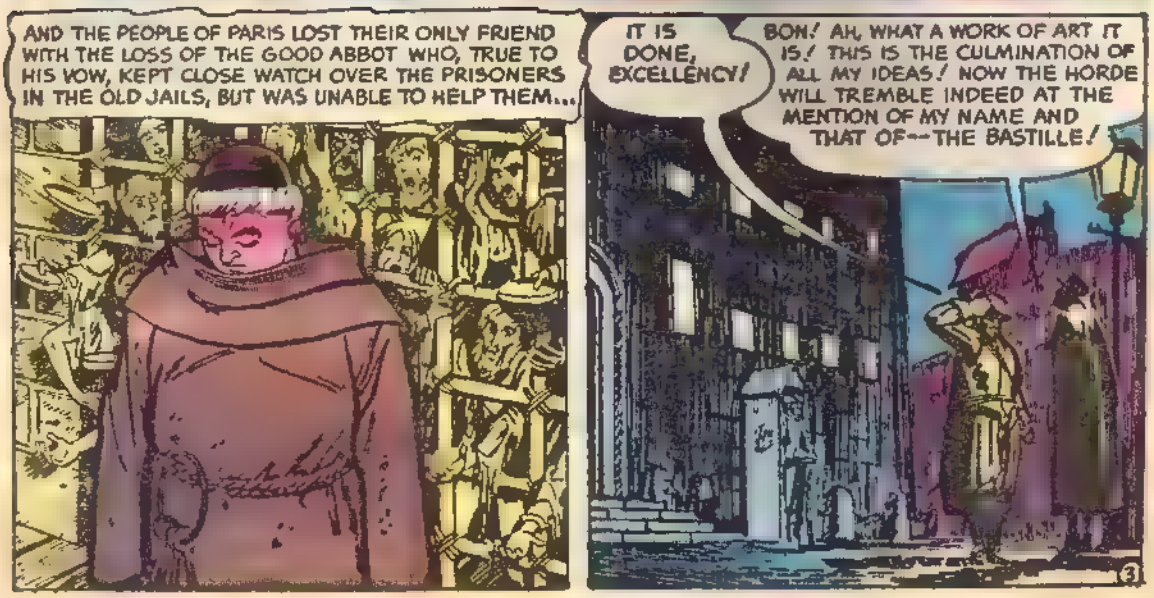
C-143

FOR STEALING A LOAF OF BREAD...TEN YEARS AT SLAVE LABOR! NEXT!
SO YOU CURSED A SOLDIER WHO BEAT YOU, EH, M'SIEU? PRISON... FOR LIFE! TAKE HIM AWAY!
YOU SPOKE AGAINST ME, VERDOUX! YOU SAID I WAS WITHOUT A SENSE OF JUSTICE, EH? FOR YOU... DEATH!
THIS WILL TEACH THE MONGRELS OF PARIS I AM NOT TO BE TRIFLED WITH! THEY HATE ME... BUT THERE IS NOTHING THEY CAN DO ABOUT IT... NOTHING!

BY DAY THE PROVOST PASSED MERCILESS JUDGMENT --BY NIGHT HE SPIED ON THE PEOPLE OF PARIS WHO HATED HIM...
GOOD ABBOT FERDINAND ...YOU HAVE INFLUENCE WITH THE PROVOST! TRY TO SPEAK TO HIM! TELL HIM TO GIVE US A CHANCE TO LIVE!
I WILL DO MY BEST, MY PEOPLE!
AHA! SO THE ABBOT IS ALSO ALLIED AGAINST ME!
THE NEXT DAY...
I PLEAD WITH YOU FOR THE PEOPLE OF OUR CITY, EXCELLENCY! THEY STARVE AND DIE FOR LACK OF FOOD! YOU HAVE SET PRICES TOO HIGH...AND DEPRIVED THEM OF WORK! IF THEY MUST EAT...THEY MUST STEAL ...AND FOR THIS YOU CONDEMN THEM TO PRISON AND DEATH! IT IS NOT JUST!
YOU THINK NOT, EH? M'SIEU ABBOT...YOU ARE A GOOD FRIEND OF THOSE CONDEMNED TO PRISON...
THEREFORE... THERE IS A WAY IN WHICH YOU CAN HELP THEM... IF YOU VOW TO OBEY MY ORDERS!
I WILL VOW ANYTHING TO HELP THEM! NAME IT!
VERY WELL, BUT FIRST TAKE THE VOW!
I VOW!
BON! NOW...YOU WILL HELP THEM, M'SIEU ABBOT, BY BEING THEIR KEEPER...YOU WILL BE THE GUARD OF THE PRISON...
WHAT?
THAT IS RIGHT! AND YOU SHALL NOT LET ONE ESCAPE! YOU TOOK A VOW...AND A GOOD ABBOT SUCH AS YOU NEVER GOES BACK ON HIS WORD!
YOU...YOU TRICKED ME! YOU'RE NOT HUMAN! BUT THERE MUST BE A PUNISHMENT FOR YOU! THERE MUST BE! THERE MUST BE!
IT'S BEEN TRIED, M'SIEU! NOW...AWAY WITH YOU TO YOUR NEW DUTIES! I HAVE WORK TO DO!
I AM BUILDING A BIGGER PRISON... FROM WHICH NO ONE CAN EVER ESCAPE! AND... REMEMBER YOUR VOW!
I WILL REMEMBER...!
2


THE PRISONS ON HAND ARE OVERFLOWING WITH MY CONDEMNED! THEY ARE FALLING APART! BESIDES, THERE AREN'T ENOUGH TORTURE ROOMS IN THEM! THIS ONE...THE ONE I AM DESIGNING WILL HAVE EVERYTHING! IT WILL BE THE MOST HORRIBLE PLACE ON EARTH... AND I SHALL CALL IT...
...THE BASTILLE!
La Bastille
TORTURE


THERE! THE PLANS ARE FINISHED! NOW I'LL SUPERVISE THE CONSTRUCTION MYSELF TO MAKE SURE IT IS PERFECT!
SO THE BUILDING OF THE BASTILLE BEGAN UNDER THE WATCHFUL EYE OF THE PROVOST OF PARIS! ITS GRIM WALLS ROSE HIGH, ENCLOSING THE NARROW DARK CELLS AND THE TORTURE CHAMBERS!


AND THE PEOPLE OF PARIS LOST THEIR ONLY FRIEND WITH THE LOSS OF THE GOOD ABBOT WHO, TRUE TO HIS VOW, KEPT CLOSE WATCH OVER THE PRISONERS IN THE OLD JAILS, BUT WAS UNABLE TO HELP THEM...
IT IS DONE, EXCELLENCY!
BON! AH, WHAT A WORK OF ART IT IS! THIS IS THE CULMINATION OF ALL MY IDEAS! NOW THE HORDE WILL TREMBLE INDEED AT THE MENTION OF MY NAME AND THAT OF--THE BASTILLE!

NOW--STAND ASIDE! I WILL EXAMINE THE STRUCTURE FROM ROOF TO CELLAR TO MAKE SURE IT IS ABSOLUTELY ESCAPE-PROOF! VARDAN!
OUI, M'SIEU PROVOST?
IN ONE HOUR ORDER THE TRANSFER OF ALL THE OTHER PRISONERS INTO THE BASTILLE! I WANT THEM ALL UNDER ONE ROOF WHERE I CAN HEAR THEIR SCREAMS... AND WHERE THEY WILL REALLY PAY FOR THEIR CRIMES AGAINST ME!
OUI, EXCELLENCY!
AT LAST! AT LAST! NOW THE PEOPLE WILL REALLY SUFFER AND SQUIRM! LOOK AT THIS DOOR! MADE OF IRON!
THE BASTILLE! ITS VERY NAME WAS TO BRING COLD CHILLS INTO THE HEARTS OF FRENCHMEN FOR YEARS TO COME! THE PROVOST CREPT THROUGH ITS HALLS AND CELLS GLOATING IN THE THOUGHT OF THE MANY SOULS IT WOULD HOLD!
TORTURE ROOMS...SOLITARY CELLS...CHAINS...SPIKES... THE BASTILLE HAD THEM ALL...AND ALL THE RESULT OF THE DREAMS OF ONE MAN...THE MAN WHO EXAMINED EACH ROOM, EYES GLEAMING, LIPS DROOLING!
... AND NOW...THE GREAT HALL... WHERE THEY WILL BE MASSED TOGETHER... HUNDREDS OF THEM... WITHOUT ROOM TO SIT OR LIE DOWN...WITHOUT ROOM TO BREATHE...AND FROM WHICH THERE IS NO ESCAPE...
THIS DOOR OPENS ONLY TO LET A PRISONER IN... NEVER OUT!
CLICK

SACRE BLEU! WHAT IS THIS ??? THE DOOR...IT IS LOCKED! WHO DARED TO DO THIS! WHO IS OUT THERE ?
I AM, YOUR EXCELLENCY...
THE ABBOT!
OUI, M'SIEU! I CAME TO BRING THE PRISONERS AS ORDERED...AND I HAVE TAKEN A VOW ALWAYS TO OBEY YOUR ORDERS...
ALRIGHT! BIEN! BUT NOW...OPEN THIS DOOR AND LET ME OUT!
I CANNOT DO THAT, M'SIEU PROVOST! MY ORDERS ARE TO LET NO ONE OUT..!
YOU FOOL, YOU! OPEN THIS DOOR, I SAY! THAT IS AN ORDER!
OUI! I WILL HAVE TO OPEN IT AGAIN AFTER ALL, EXCELLENCY...
TO LET PRISONERS IN!
YOU SEE, EXCELLENCY, I KEEP MY VOW...!
AAEEEGHH
THE END

ATLAS FOR THE BEST IN SUSPENSE STORIES LOOK FOR THE ATLAS SEAL ON THE COVER! ATLAS

Skinny Girls Don't Have OOMPH!

It takes those extra lbs. of solid flesh to "bring out" your natural curves

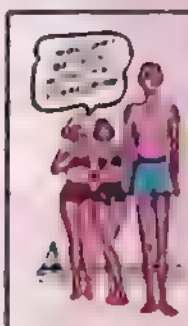
If you're otherwise healthy but skinny, scrawny, rundown and lbs. underweight, try correcting this common mistake in eating.

THERE are three essential substances that many thin, scrawny and undernourished girls may fail to get in sufficient quantity from the food they eat. These substances are Vitamin B_1, calcium phosphate and iron. If, like thousands of others, you are underweight without organic cause . . . never seem to gain a pound . . . are so thin that you look gangling and gawky from insufficient amounts of these precious elements, don't get discouraged.

You may find that by correcting this simple mistake in eating you can easily add firm solid flesh . . . extra alluring pounds that help bring out those natural eye-catching curves. A simple and easy way is to try the amazing new product called Numal that supplies, in significant amounts, the Vitamin B_1, calcium phosphate and iron needed in the daily diet. Plus a food that in itself is a great help in adding extra pounds.

Take 1 heaping teaspoonful of Numal 3 times a day. It is pleasant, assimilable and easy to take. You will get the equivalent in Vitamin B_1 content of 34 cakes of average moist baker's yeast . . . the iron equivalent of 15 pounds of tomatoes or 1⅔ pounds of spinach or 9 pounds of boiled beets...and the calcium equivalent of ⅘ths pint of fresh cow's milk, the phosphorus content of 1 glass.

Remember, if you don't get a sufficient quantity of Vitamin B_1 in your daily diet, you may suffer loss of appetite. And without sufficient iron, the element that helps build rich red blood, you may be rundown, pale, weak and listless. You need calcium phosphate for sound teeth and sturdy bones.



SKINNY MEN ARE NOT ATTRACTIVE EITHER

a skinny scrawny body is no asset in social or business life. Give NUMAL a chance to build you up, put firm flesh on you.

Numal Must Please You or No Cost

So if you are skinny, gangling and busy from lack of these precious nutrients, don't wait any longer. Get Numal today. You will want those extra pounds that "bring out" your natural eye-catching curves. Take Numal faithfully for a week. See if you can't actually feel the difference . . . gain weight and better color. If after this short period you honestly don't feel Numal has benefited you, just return the bottle for a complete refund of your money. Numal costs but a few cents a day to use.

If loss of weight persists see your doctor

U. S. NATURE PRODUCTS CORP., 3560 Broadway, Dept. 918 New York 31, N.Y.

MAIL COUPON TODAY!

U. S. NATURE PRODUCTS CORP.
3560 B'way, Dept. 918, New York 31, N.Y.

Send me at once a jar of NUMAL with the understanding that it must put weight on me or you'll refund my money after the first jar. I'll pay postman $2.00 plus C.O.D. charges and postage.

Name _____

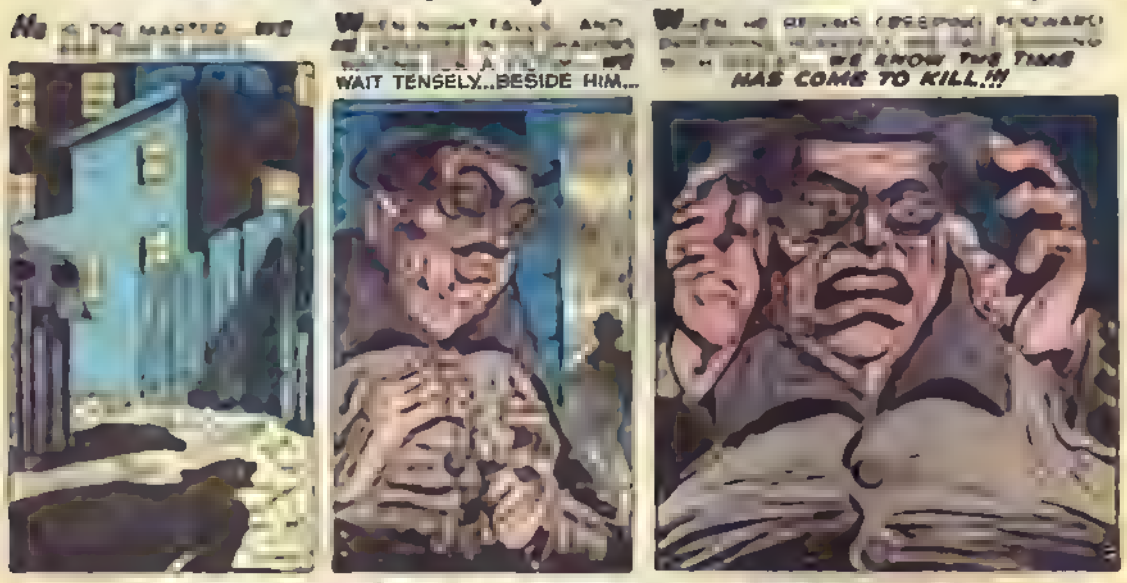
Address _____

City _____ Zone ___ State _____

I enclose $4 check, money order or cash. You will pay all postal charges. Same money-back guarantee

Sorry! Canadian orders cannot be sent C.O.D. Send International Money Order.

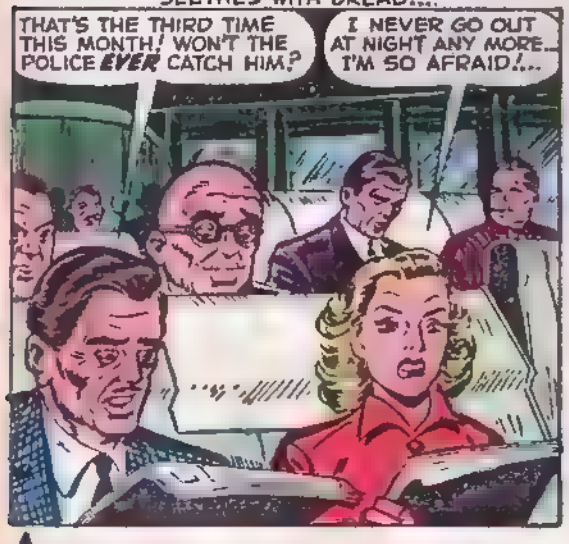
THE SLAVES!


WAIT TENSELY...BESIDE HIM...
WE KNOW THE TIME HAS COME TO KILL!!!

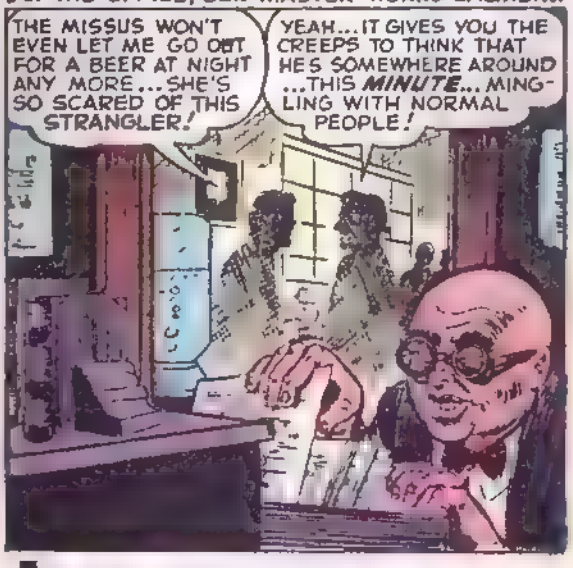
MYSTIC

THE MAN LIES CRUMPLED IN THE SHADOWS... A TOTAL STRANGER...THE INNOCENT VICTIM OF OUR MASTER'S ***PASSION TO STRANGLE...***

THE NEXT MORNING FINDS OUR MASTER AND AN ANONYMOUS TRAVELER ON A TRAIN THAT SEETHES WITH DREAD....



AT THE OFFICE, OUR MASTER WORKS CALMLY...


THE MISSUS WON'T EVEN LET ME GO OUT FOR A BEER AT NIGHT ANY MORE... SHE'S SO SCARED OF THIS STRANGLER!
YEAH... IT GIVES YOU THE CREEPS TO THINK THAT HE'S SOMEWHERE AROUND ...THIS *MINUTE*... MINGLING WITH NORMAL PEOPLE!

AT THE END OF THE DAY, OUR MASTER CLIMBS SLOWLY TO HIS FURNISHED ROOM...

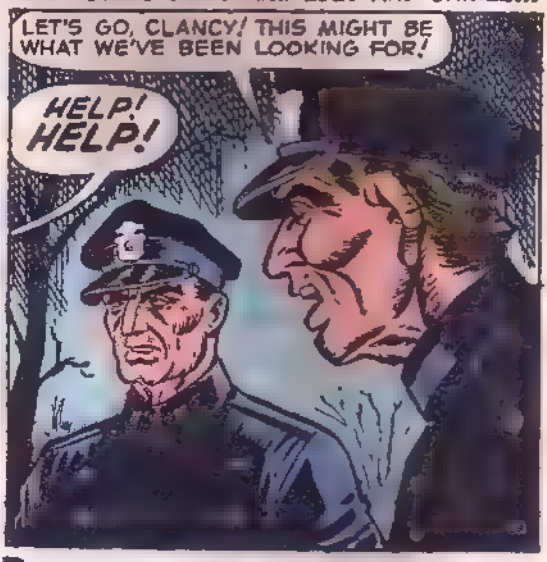
THE HOURS TICK BY... BUT ***HE*** CANNOT SLEEP...***HE*** PACES THE FLOOR RESTLESSLY...AND WE FEEL THE ***PASSION TO STRANGLE*** MOUNTING SLOWLY... SLOWLY...INSIDE HIM...

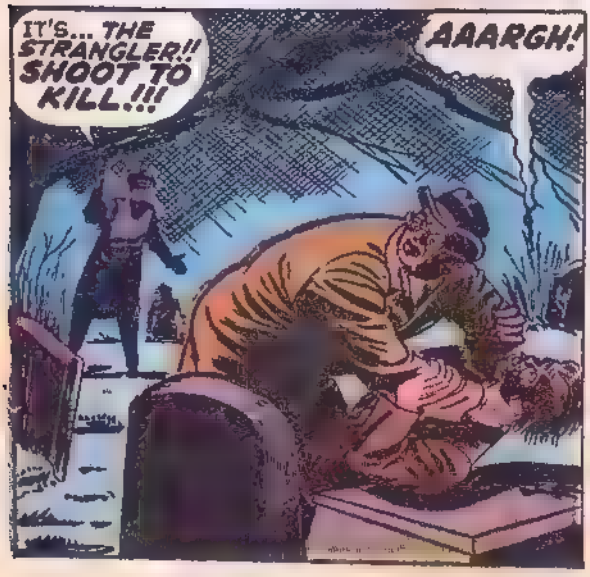
So our master prowls again... and we, who are his slaves, must accompany him...

He waits in the shadows! At last, he hears something ... faintly at first... then louder and louder... the clop-clop of approaching footsteps...

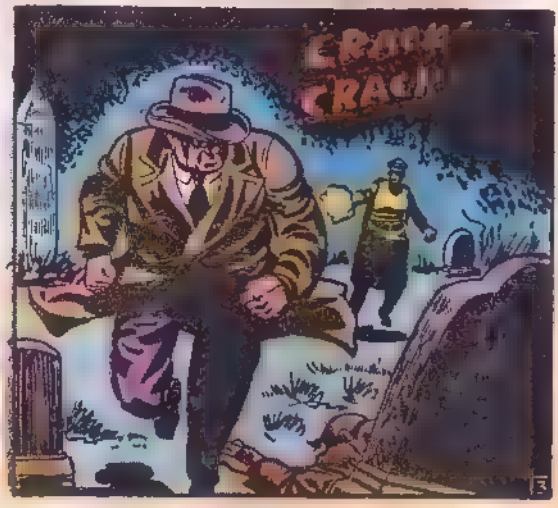
The moment has come!

The victim's cries are loud and shrill...





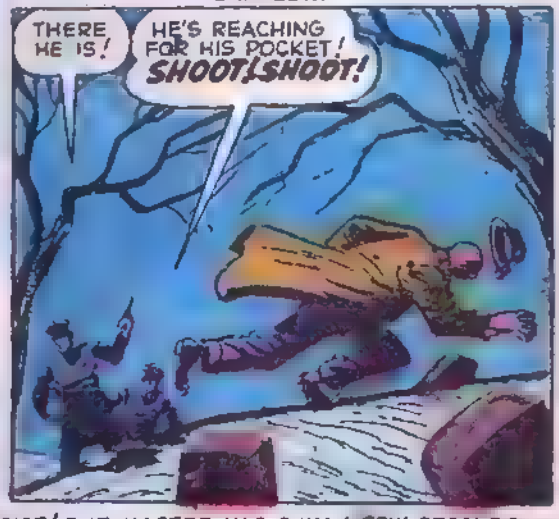
But before the police can sight their guns, our master rises and scrambles into the cemetery...



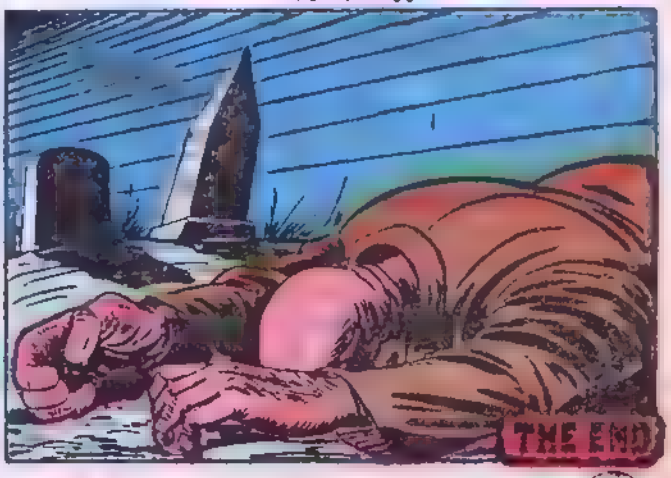
HE CROUCHES BEHIND A TOMBSTONE...THINKING FEVERISHLY! HE CAN HEAR HIS HUNTER'S FOOTSTEPS...SLOW, CAUTIOUS, DEADLY...

BUT OUR MASTER HAS DEVISED A PLAN! HE THROWS A ROCK... HOPING ITS NOISE WILL DIVERT THE POLICE TOWARD THAT DIRECTION WHILE *HE* RUNS THE OTHER WAY...

OUR MASTER RUNS! HE'S GETTING AWAY...BUT SUDDENLY HIS FOOT SLIPS ON SOME LOOSE GRAVEL...



WE REJOICE! OUR MASTER HAS ONLY A FEW SECONDS TO LIVE, AND WE SHALL DIE WITH HIM! WE WERE HIS SLAVES... *HIS HANDS*... AND WE'LL NEVER HAVE *TO KILL AGAIN!!*



ATLAS FOR THE BEST IN SUSPENSE STORIES LOOK FOR THE ATLAS SEAL ON THE COVER! ATLAS

INVITATION TO THE WALTZ

FROM somewhere down in the bayou he heard the whipoorwills call.

Michael Trask shuddered.

He got up from the elaborately carved desk in the gloomily decorated room and walked slowly to the window, sinking, at each step, into the thickly-piled carpet with distaste.

He hated quiet.

Melanie loved it.

At the vast window he drew the velvet curtains. They came back with a soft swish, letting in a breath of the damp, chill air, the faint mist that drifted ever from the bayou and the fainter light of the stars.

Whipoorwills. Their call came eerily from the slimy trees, from the distances beyond the last reaches of the big mansion's grounds. He heard their piping sounds and a queasy, unpleasant feeling clutched at his heart.

The witch-fires of swamp-glow and rotting vegetation suffused the near horizon of bushes and low, dwarfed trees. As he watched, a cloud of faintly-burning fire seemed to detach itself from the depths of the swamp and float heaven-ward like a soul wafted from a body, tortured and eager for rest.

Melanie's soul?

He turned from the window, glanced at the clock.

It was taking Melanie a long, long time to die, he decided.

Now, from the swamp rose the long, reedy wails, music made by the squatters who lived on the tiny islands between the meadows of muck. Michael Trask's face grew brighter. Funeral music. Even the squatters knew Melanie Trask was dying.

He longed to turn on the radio, drag in a cheery voice, a tune from New Orleans. It was mockery in his own soul, he knew, to pretend sorrow for a dying wife he hated, a woman he had never loved, except, of course, for her money.

Trask turned as a knock sounded on the door of the drawing room.

"Come in," he said expectantly.

Then the door opened and Dr. Fallon came in, small, compact, efficient, his kindly eyes hardening suddenly as they fell on Michael Trask.

"She's almost dead, Mr. Trask," Fallon said. "I don't give her five minutes. You'd better come. She's asking for you."

Behind the polite mask of Michael Trask's face, a twisted smile leered wolfishly, invisible. Then the mask remembered. He tottered slightly, put a hand to his forehead.

"I—I'm not equal to it, Doctor," he said uncertainly. "I can't stand her agony. You don't know what I've gone through, watching her sink over all these months."

"It's your wife dying, Mr. Trask," Doctor Fallon said, coldly.

Michael Trask sank wearily into a chair.

"I can't," he said. "I simply can't."

What difference did it make now, anyway, he thought. Melanie would be dead within an hour, at most. Already her will was made out to him leaving him everything. Nothing could be changed; there wasn't time. Besides, now he could afford to ignore everything but his own wishes. Now—or in an incredibly short time—everything Melanie owned would be his, the house, an enormous bank account.

He shook his head, held a hand over his eyes as though hiding tears.

Dr. Fallon nodded, shrugged. He went out.

Trask got up, went to the window again. The swamp-fires lit up his face. He listened with pleasure to the keening funeral music now.

Minutes later there came another knock on the door.

It was Doctor Fallon. He stood there, hat in hand.

"She's dead, Mr. Trask. I'll sign the death certificate tonight later. In the meantime, if you'd communicate with the undertakers . . ."

"Of course." Michael Trask dabbed delicately with a handkerchief at his eyes.

When Fallon had finally gone he reached for the phone.

The funeral took place two days later. They buried Melanie in the family plot in the fashionable cemetery.

Michael Trask drove home alone in the car.

When he reached the house he called in the butler, ordered him to remove the funeral flowers.

"We'll be more cheery from now on, Cummings," he said. A sorrowful time we've all had, but death is death and we must leave the dead to themselves." He paused, and glanced round the room. "I think we'll begin here. Phone the decorators in New Orleans and have them come up tomorrow."

He watched Cummings nod politely, withdraw.

(continued after next page)

KILL THESE GERMS WITH WARD'S FORMULA

NOTHING, *Absolutely nothing known to Science can do more to*

SAVE YOUR HAIR

Beware of your itchy scalp, hair loss, dandruff, head scales, unpleasant head odors! Nature may be warning you of approaching baldness. Heed Nature's warning! Treat your scalp to scientifically prepared Ward's Formula.

Millions of trouble breeding bacteria, living on your sick scalp (see above) are killed on contact. Ward's Formula kills not one, but *all four* types of these destructive scalp germs now recognized by many medical authorities as a significant cause of baldness. Kill these germs—don't risk letting them kill your hair growth.

Once you're bald, that's it, friends! There's nothing you can do. Your hair is gone forever. So are your chances of getting it back. But Ward's Formula, used as directed, keeps your sick scalp free of itchy dandruff, seborrhea, and stops the hair loss they cause. Almost at once your hair looks thicker, more attractive and alive.

We don't ask you to believe us. Thousands of men and women—first skeptical just as you are—have *proved* what we say. Read *their* grateful letters. Study the guarantee—it's better than a free trial! Then try Ward's Formula *at our risk*. Use it for only 10 short days. You must enjoy *all* the benefits we claim—or we return not only the price you pay—but DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK. You be the judge! © Ward Laboratories Inc., 1420 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.

ENJOY THESE 5 BENEFITS IMMEDIATELY

1. Kills these 4 types of germs that retard normal hair growth—*on contact*
2. Removes ugly infectious dandruff—*fast*
3. Brings hair nourishing blood to scalp—*quickly*
4. Stops annoying scalp itch and burn—*instantly*
5. Starts wonderful self-massaging action—*within 3 seconds*

Here's the Proof!

We get letters like these every day from grateful men and women all over the world.

I must admit I didn't have much faith in it but I hadn't been using Ward's one week before I could see it was helping me. I would feel my hair getting thicker.
E. E. Cleveland, Ohio

Out of all the Hair Experts I went to, I've gotten the most help from one bottle of Ward's Formula.
C. La M., Philadelphia, Pa.

After using Ward's not only 10 days, my hair has stopped falling out.
R. W. C. Canton, Ill.

I am thrilled to death with the results in just two weeks time—no *dandruff!* W. T. W., Peralta, Cal.

I feel encouraged to say that the infuriating scalp itch which has bothered me for 3 years is now gone.
J. M. K., Columbus, Ohio

We gladly cooperate with Physicians and Hospitals desiring to make clinical tests of Ward's Formula. Please write.

TO SAVE YOUR HAIR ACT NOW. Send coupon today for 10-day offer. Send No Money

Guarantee

This written guarantee entitles you not only to return of price paid for Ward's Formula, but Double Your Money Back unless you actually SEE, FEEL and ENJOY all benefits herein claimed in only ten days. The test is at our risk. All you do is return unused portion or the empty bottle unless completely satisfied.

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Each Ward's Formula is one of mine. I will pay postman two dollars plus postage. I must be completely satisfied or in 10 days, or you GUARANTEE refund of DOUBLE MY MONEY BACK upon return of bottle and unused portion.

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DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

continued

Trask rose, went to the velvet curtains, pulled them aside. Now a strong light filled the room, sunlight banishing old fears and dreads. Banishing the memory of Melanie. For Melanie, now was dead. Trask gazed out through the window at the vast estate that was now his. He sighed. A pity he could not have been at her bedside at the end. Then a sudden laugh shook him. He had been too busy, he remembered, downstairs here, taking good care of Melanie's money.

But now *he* would enjoy himself. First a decent interval of mourning, then a party to clear away the mists and memories of the past. In fact, he realized, he would do away with the past entirely. There were other women in the world beside Melanie. There always had been.

He picked up a pencil and began to write down the names of those he would invite to his party. He decided, after doing that, that a month was a decent interval of mourning.

A month later, on a Friday night, the old mansion blazed with lights. Up the long, winding path to the road came car after car, bearing Trask's friends of the old days in New Orleans, the people he'd forsaken when Melanie had married him.

They greeted him joyously, particularly Renwith, an old crony.

"We'd wondered how you were doing, Michael," Renwith said, over a bottle of champagne after supper. He inclined his head, listened agreeably to the hired orchestra in the mansion's ballroom play a popular melody.

"I'm doing better now," Trask said and laughed.

They walked out on the veranda and Trask greeted his guests. Honeysuckle and magnolia scented the evening air. Above, a great, mellow Southern moon shone warmly down on the house.

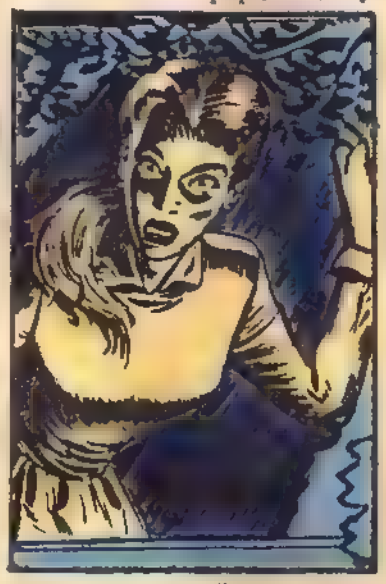
Then a breeze blew from the bayou. A loon bayed shrilly.

Trask shivered.

"Let's go on inside," he suggested.

The terrace doors swung open. Light bubbled out. From inside came the sound of laughing, happy people.

He took a turn or two on the floor with girls he'd known back in New Orleans. One and all, attracted by the knowledge of his sudden wealth, they tried making up to him. He kept them off with deft quips, already



bored, looking for someone really new.

At eleven the masked ball went on. Gaily colored masks and dominoes were distributed. Standing alone Trask drank champagne. Life, he decided was a happy, masked mystery, its face hidden as were those of the dancers. Then Renwith came over.

"You've seen her?" He asked, pointing to a new girl.

Blood went boiling through Trask's veins as he glanced at the girl. She stood near the terrace doors, shy, demure, fascinating, her gown enfolded by a light cloak. When she looked his way, Trask walked over, introduced himself. He eyes sparkled through the black domino. He suggested dancing. She nodded.

Together they whirled out on the floor, the cynosure now of all eyes, some jealous, some hateful.

Trask's eyes devoured the girl. His heart raced.

"You're beautiful," he said. "Even if you're masked, I can tell."

Her laugh tinkled. Roguishly she winked.

The waltz music lilted, rose and ebbed in three-quarter time. Through the great ballroom danced the hundred guests.

Then the music stopped.

Abruptly a clock chimed.

Michael Trask bent and kissed the girl's hand.

"And who might you be, my lady?" he asked, laughing."

He took off his domino.

"I'm glad this isn't goodbye," he continued.

"Oh, but it is!" she said.

"You're Cinderella?" he asked, smiling.

"It is goodbye, though I'm not Cinderella," she said.

She took off her mask.

"You see, Michael," she began. "All I wanted from you was goodbye, the goodbye you never gave me." Her voice was blurred now; it ran down like a weary phonograph. "I loved you, Michael. I—I couldn't leave you until I'd said goodbye!"

Michael Trask drew back, tottering, horror-struck. He watched the face before him crumble to powder, fall away from the bones. Women screamed, fainted, as from the girl's dress, revealed as the cloak opened, dropped bits of coffin wood, grave mold. It was Melanie's dress, the dress she'd been buried in—and in the dress, a pitiful heap of dust and bones, was Melanie.

THE END C-322

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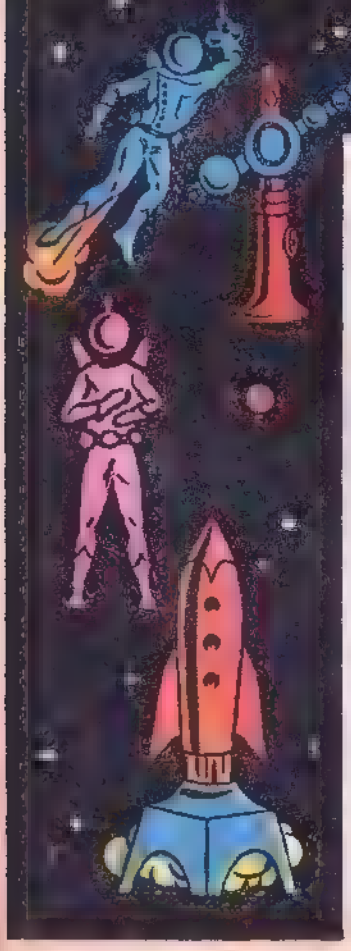

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Hey Kids, here's a complete Space Patrol Kit for you to lead. You can be squadron leader and direct SPACE BATTLES . . . deploy your rocket ships . . . send them into SPACE.

Now you can try to pioneer unexplored planets using your solar-powered space-mobile. You can try setting up interplanetary observatories, laboratories and radar detecting units . . . Imagine using your cosmic ray neutralizer as protection against deadly cosmic rays . . . Imagine talking to other planets hundreds of light years away. Chase flying saucers and flying discs. Track down Martian spies and rescue 4 Astra Space Beauties. You get a complete squadron . . . 2 spaceport hangars with rocket launchers that you can actually launch 19 rockets into space with — an interplanetary refueler, giant rocket ships, smaller rocket ships, Rocket Men — Mars Men — Beautiful Astra Girls. Every piece is perfectly scaled and is made of long life VINYL.

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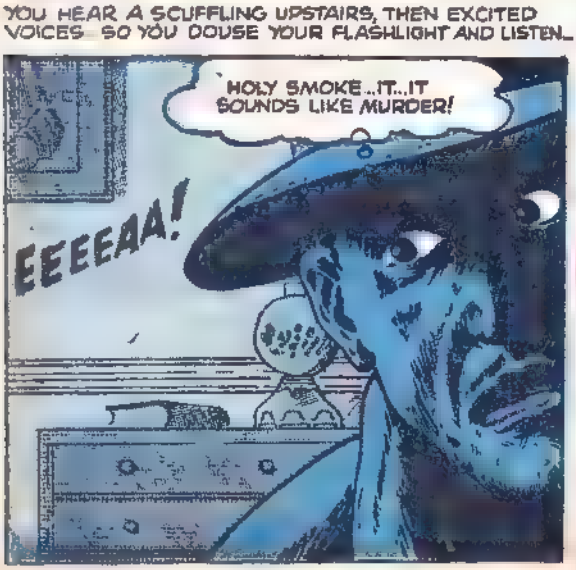
MONEY BACK IF NOT DELIGHTED

IN THE WAKE OF THE WEREWOLF
ONE OF THE WORLD'S MOST MYSTIC TALES
DOOR SLAMMED... WIND BLEW IT SHUT, MAYBE...
BANG!
OFS
YOU'RE AN OLD HAND AT BURGLARY, LARRY COE...WILLING TO TAKE THE RISKS OF YOUR PROFESSION...YET YOU FEEL STRANGELY UNEASY ABOUT THIS "JOB" TONIGHT...
C-212

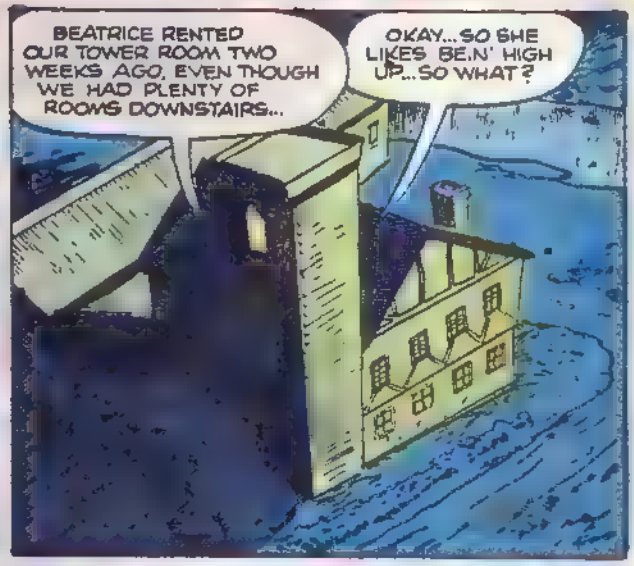

YOU HEAR A SCUFFLING UPSTAIRS, THEN EXCITED VOICES... SO YOU DOUSE YOUR FLASHLIGHT AND LISTEN...
HOLY SMOKE...IT...IT SOUNDS LIKE MURDER!
EEEEAA!

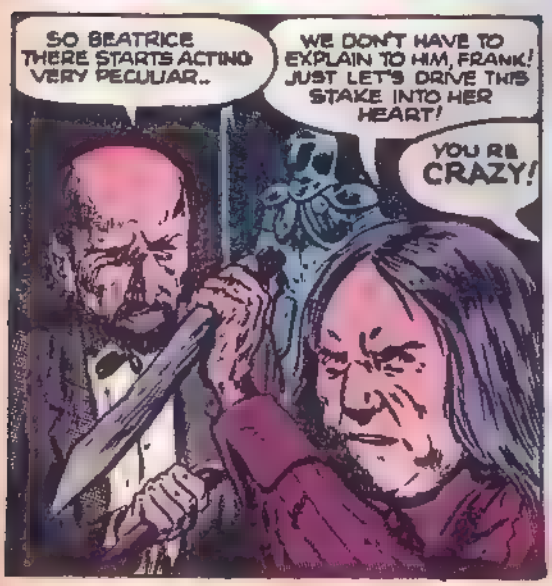
YOUR HEART LEAPS INTO YOUR THROAT AS YOU HEAR THE POUNDING OF FOOTSTEPS ON THE CREAKY STAIRS! YOUR INSTINCT IS TO RUN FROM THAT GLOOMY HOUSE...

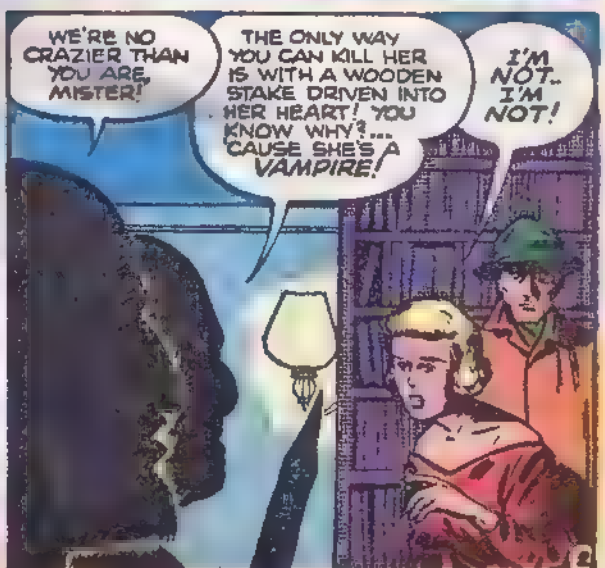
THE HURRIED FOOTSTEPS COME CLOSER BUT YOU REACH THE DOOR IN TIME...

YOU DON'T GET A GOOD LOOK AT THE GIRL AT FIRST...YOU ONLY HEAR HER GASPING WITH FRIGHT, AND FEEL HER TREMBLING HAND ON YOUR ARM..

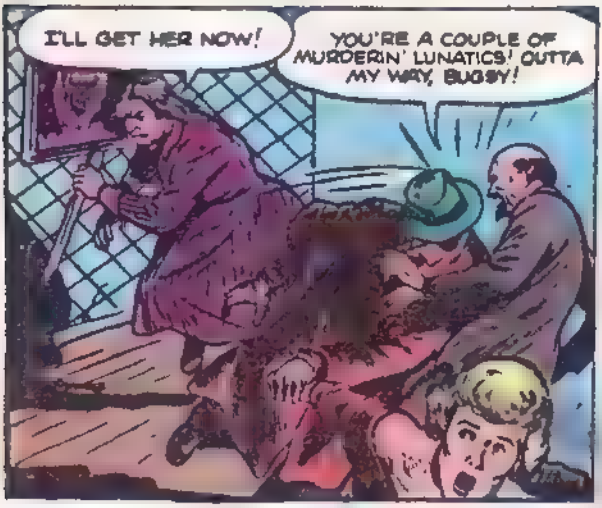
YOU'VE ALWAYS THOUGHT OF YOUR OWN SAFETY FIRST, LARRY...BUT ONE LOOK AT THIS BEAUTIFUL DOLL, AND SOMETHING NEW COMES OVER YOU...


BEATRICE RENTED OUR TOWER ROOM TWO WEEKS AGO, EVEN THOUGH WE HAD PLENTY OF ROOMS DOWNSTAIRS...
OKAY...SO SHE LIKES BE.N' HIGH UP...SO WHAT?

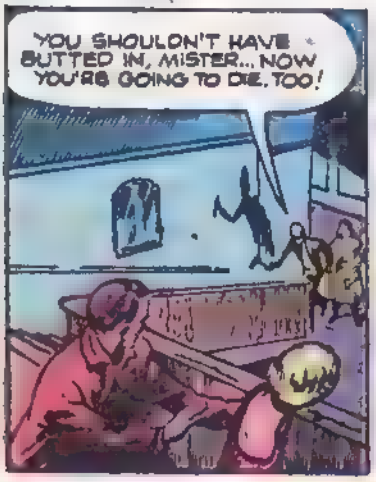

SO BEATRICE THERE STARTS ACTING VERY PECULIAR..
WE DON'T HAVE TO EXPLAIN TO HIM, FRANK! JUST LET'S DRIVE THIS STAKE INTO HER HEART!
YOU RE CRAZY!


WE'RE NO CRAZIER THAN YOU ARE, MISTER!
THE ONLY WAY YOU CAN KILL HER IS WITH A WOODEN STAKE DRIVEN INTO HER HEART! YOU KNOW WHY?... CAUSE SHE'S A VAMPIRE!
I'M NOT.. I'M NOT!

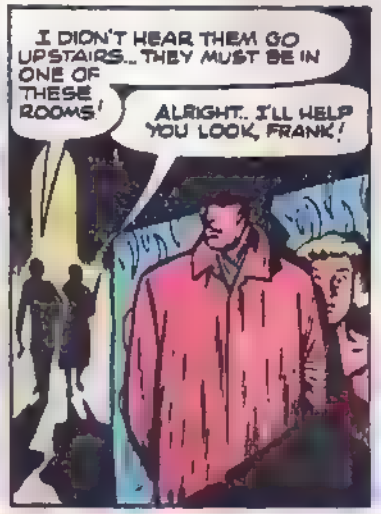
YOU LOOK INTO THE MAN'S EYES, LARRY COE, HOPING TO SEE IN THEM SOME HINT THAT THIS IS JUST A JOKE... BUT HIS EYES ARE WILD, FULL OF HATE...

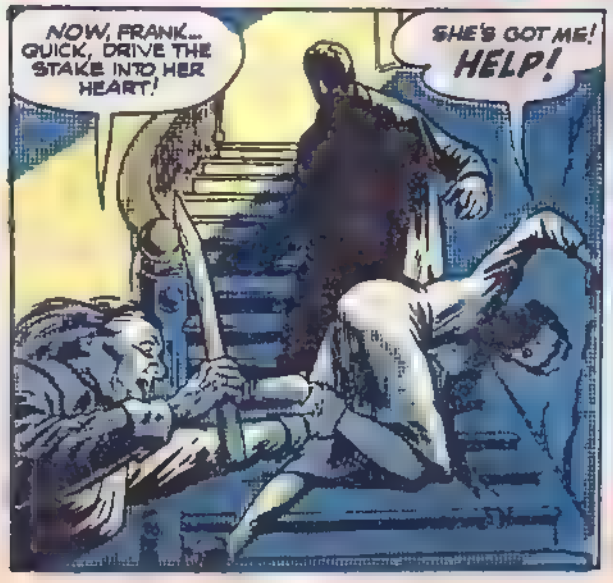


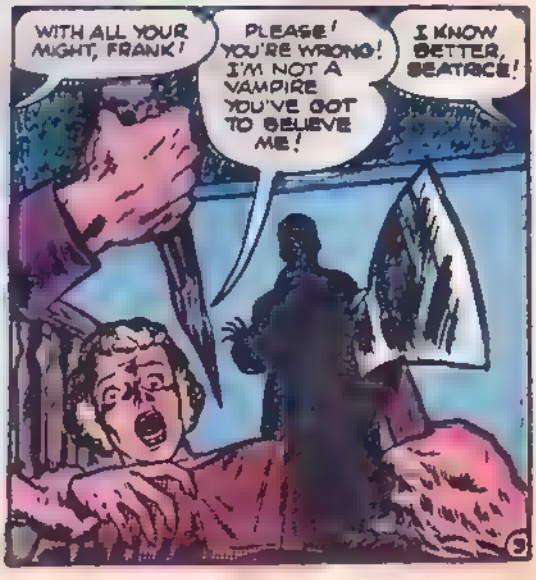
YOU STARTED OFF BY PLAYING HERO FOR A BEAUTIFUL DOLL, LARRY... NOW YOU HAVE TO RUN FOR YOUR OWN LIFE...



YOU DUCK INTO A SHADOW HOPING THEY'LL PASS YOU BY...







IN THAT SPLIT SECOND YOU FORGET YOUR OWN SAFETY ONCE MORE, LARRY.. YOU HURL YOURSELF AT THE AXE-WIELDING MADMAN...
NO YOU DON'T!
DON'T YOU SEE IT, FRANK? HE'S HER ACCOMPLICE... MAYBE A VAMPIRE, TOO!
THERE WON'T BE ENOUGH OF HIM TO IDENTIFY WHEN I FINISH HACKING HIM UP!
YOU HEAR THEM COMING UP AGAIN LARRY...CAUTIOUSLY THIS TIME... STEP BY STEP..
QUICK, BABY, IN HERE!
THANK YOU.. THANK YOU..
IT AIN'T EVERYBODY I STICK MY NECK OUT FOR, BEAUTIFUL...I GUESS I JUST TOOK A DIVE FOR YOU LIKE A TON OF BRICKS!
THEN YOU DON'T BELIEVE THAT I'M A VAMPIRE.. I'M SO GLAD!
WHAT'S WITH THIS VAMPIRE BUSINESS? OF COURSE I DON'T FALL FOR THAT BUNK!
I COULDN'T MAKE THEM BELIEVE ME.. SHH...I HEAR THEM OUT THERE!
HURRY, HONEY, THROUGH THIS DOOR!
THERE'S GOTTA BE AN END TO THIS, BABY...
COME ON, MINNIE!
MY ROOM IS ON THE NEXT FLOOR.. THE TOWER ROOM... IT HAS A HEAVY STEEL DOOR!
4

YOU'RE SAFE NOW, LARRY, BUT YOU HEAR THE HEAVY BREATHING OF THE ENRAGED COUPLE OUTSIDE, AND YOU KNOW THEY'LL WAIT...

DON'T LOOK SO RELIEVED, HONEY! WE CAN'T STAY HERE FOREVER! WE GOTTA EAT SOMETIME!

I'M NOT WORRIED ABOUT EATING...I'M NOT ALONE ANY MORE. YOU DON'T KNOW HOW TERRIBLE IT WAS WHEN THEY LOCKED ME UP HERE, JUST BECAUSE I FOUND OUT THAT THEY'RE WEREWOLVES!

AW, BABY...ALL THIS HAS YOU THINKIN' GOOFY! THOSE TWO OUT THERE ARE COMPLETELY NUTS... BUT THEY AIN'T WEREWOLVES!

THEY ARE...IT'S A FEW SECONDS TO MIDNIGHT... LOOK OUT THERE AND SEE FOR YOURSELF!

AT THE FIRST STROKE OF TWELVE YOU LOOK...IT THROUGH THE PEEP-HOLE, LARRY...AND A NIGHTMARE UNFOLDS ITSELF BEFORE YOUR STARTLED EYES...

HOLY SMOKE!

BONG!

YOU WATCH...YOU FIGHT AGAINST BELIEVING WHAT YOU SEE...

BONG! BONG!

THEIR ANIMAL SNARLS ECHO THROUGH THE TOWER...

BONG! BONG! BONG!

AND WITH THE LAST STROKE OF MIDNIGHT, TWO HUMANS HAVE TURNED INTO FEROCIOUS, FLESH-EATING WEREWOLVES...

BONG! BONG! BONG! BONG!

AAGHH! YOU'RE RIGHT, THEY ARE WEREWOLVES!

NOW YOU KNOW HOW I FELT WHEN THEY CAME UP HERE TONIGHT AND ACCUSED ME OF BEING A VAMPIRE!

YOU DETECT SOMETHING DIFFERENT ABOUT HER VOICE... RASPING AND UNPLEASANT...

BABY... WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU BABY?

THEY LIED! I'M NOT A VAMPIRE...

THEN, AS YOU TURN TO LOOK AT THE GIRL YOU SAVED, LARRY COE, YOU KNOW FOR CERTAIN SHE IS *NOT* A VAMPIRE...

I'M JUST AS GOOD A WEREWOLF AS THEY ARE!

THE END

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☐ I enclose $1. Please rush full 12-day package.

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HIS DEAD WIFE!

ONE OF THE WORLD'S MOST MYSTIC TALES!

T DiPRETA

A SMALL VILLAGE IN THE BALKANS, DARKENED BY THE SHADOW OF WAR ACROSS HER BORDER, BRIGHTENED ONLY BY...

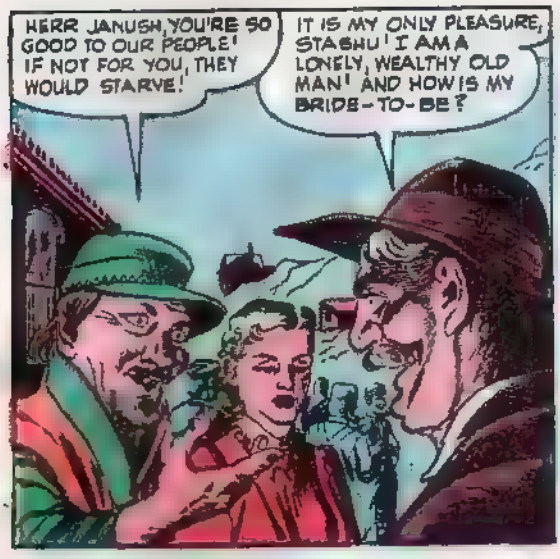
IT'S HERR JANUSH! HERR JANUSH!

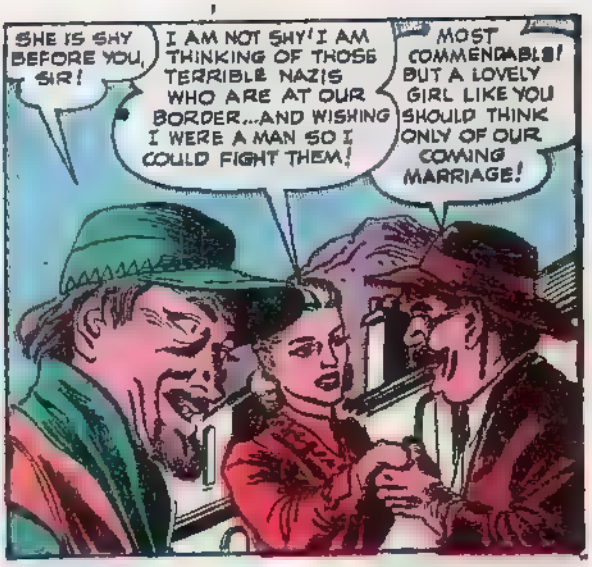
STARVING PEASANTS CRAWLED OUT OF THEIR HOVELS, THEIR EYES BRIGHT WITH NEW HOPE AT THE SOUND OF THE BELOVED NAME...

JANUSH! JANUSH!

HERR JANUSH!

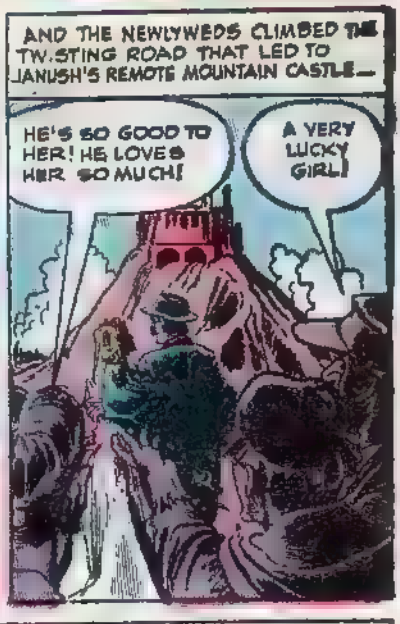
PATIENCE, GOOD PEOPLE! I'VE ENOUGH FOOD HERE FOR ALL!

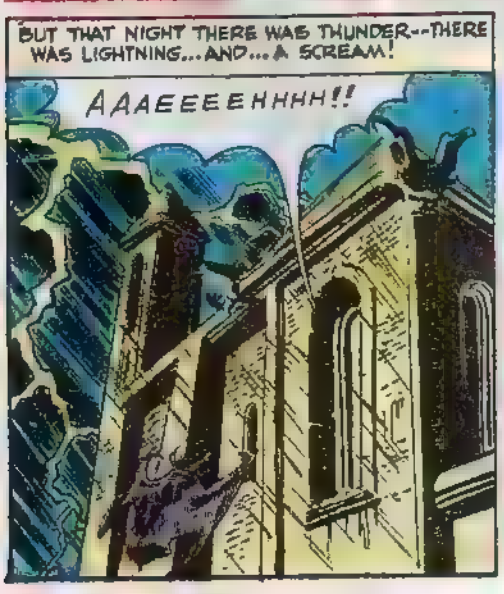

HERR JANUSH, YOU'RE SO GOOD TO OUR PEOPLE! IF NOT FOR YOU, THEY WOULD STARVE!
IT IS MY ONLY PLEASURE, STASHU! I AM A LONELY, WEALTHY OLD MAN! AND HOW IS MY BRIDE-TO-BE?

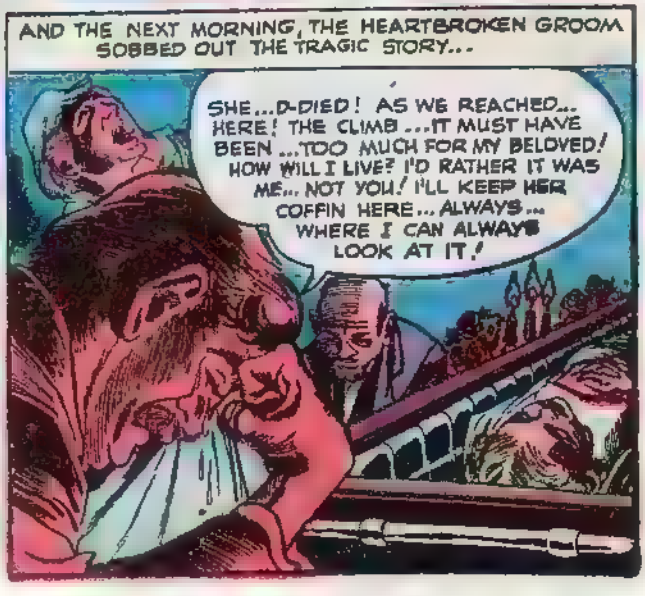

SHE IS SHY BEFORE YOU, SIR!
I AM NOT SHY! I AM THINKING OF THOSE TERRIBLE NAZIS WHO ARE AT OUR BORDER...AND WISHING I WERE A MAN SO I COULD FIGHT THEM!
MOST COMMENDABLE! BUT A LOVELY GIRL LIKE YOU SHOULD THINK ONLY OF OUR COMING MARRIAGE!

YES...I HAVE PROMISED TO MARRY YOU, HERR JANUSH...BECAUSE YOU'VE BEEN SO GOOD TO US... BUT I KEEP WISHING THE ALLIES WOULD COME AND GET RID OF THE FASCISTS AT OUR GATES! I'D GIVE MY LIFE IF IT COULD BRING THAT ABOUT!
GIVE YOUR LIFE TO ME INSTEAD, ESTELLA!

JANUSH AND ESTELLA WERE MARRIED SOON AFTER...WITH THE ROAR OF CANNON IN THEIR EARS!

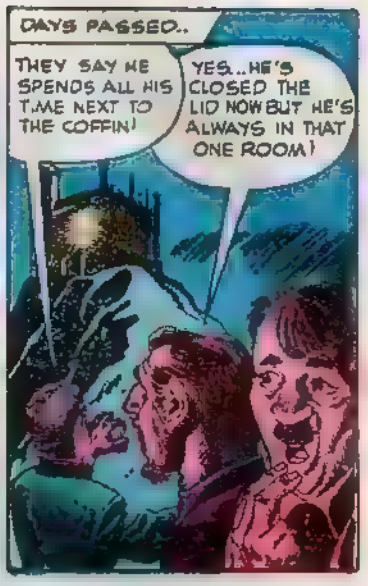

AND THE NEWLYWEDS CLIMBED THE TWISTING ROAD THAT LED TO JANUSH'S REMOTE MOUNTAIN CASTLE...
HE'S SO GOOD TO HER! HE LOVES HER SO MUCH!
A VERY LUCKY GIRL!

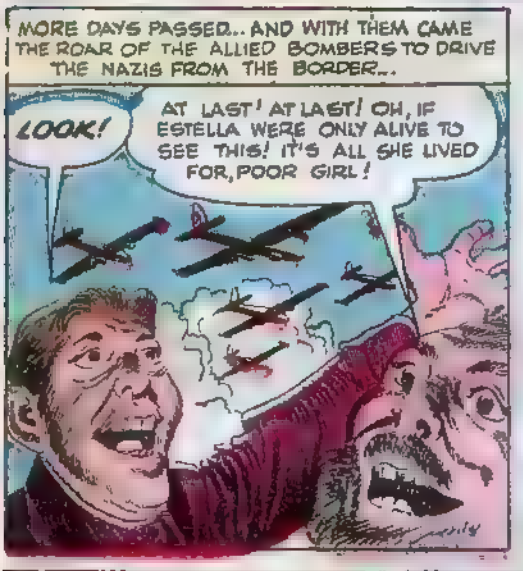

BUT THAT NIGHT THERE WAS THUNDER--THERE WAS LIGHTNING...AND...A SCREAM!
AAAEEEEHHHH!!

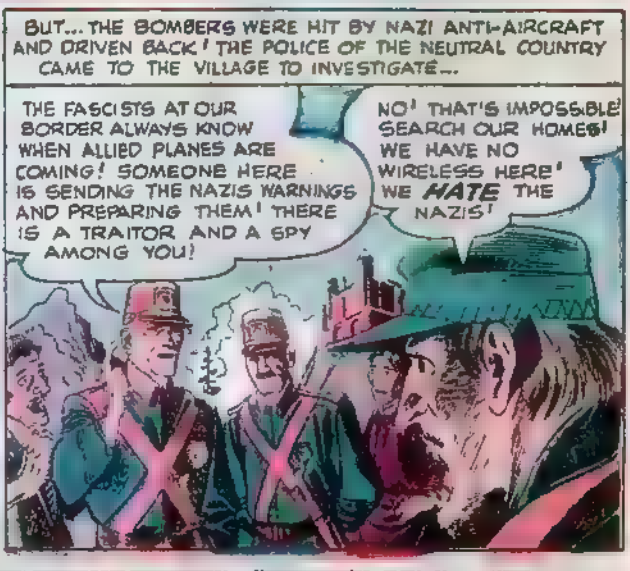

AND THE NEXT MORNING, THE HEARTBROKEN GROOM SOBBED OUT THE TRAGIC STORY...
SHE...D-DIED! AS WE REACHED... HERE! THE CLIMB ...IT MUST HAVE BEEN ...TOO MUCH FOR MY BELOVED! HOW WILL I LIVE? I'D RATHER IT WAS ME... NOT YOU! I'LL KEEP HER COFFIN HERE... ALWAYS... WHERE I CAN ALWAYS LOOK AT IT!

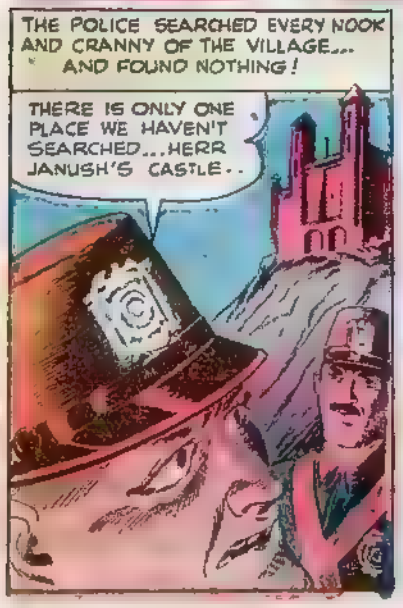
I...I DON'T WANT TO SEE ANYONE ANY MORE! I WANT TO BE ALONE... WITH HER! PLEASE LEAVE ME... LEAVE ME TO MY GRIEF AND MY TERRIBLE SORROW!

SO THE VILLAGERS LEFT.. THE BEREAVED GROOM WAS LEFT ALONE WITH HIS DEAD WIFE...

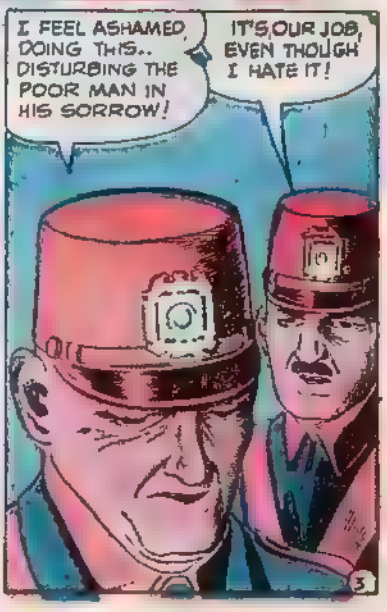

DAYS PASSED..
THEY SAY HE SPENDS ALL HIS TIME NEXT TO THE COFFIN!
YES.. HE'S CLOSED THE LID NOW BUT HE'S ALWAYS IN THAT ONE ROOM!


MORE DAYS PASSED.. AND WITH THEM CAME THE ROAR OF THE ALLIED BOMBERS TO DRIVE THE NAZIS FROM THE BORDER...
LOOK!
AT LAST! AT LAST! OH, IF ESTELLA WERE ONLY ALIVE TO SEE THIS! IT'S ALL SHE LIVED FOR, POOR GIRL!


BUT... THE BOMBERS WERE HIT BY NAZI ANTI-AIRCRAFT AND DRIVEN BACK! THE POLICE OF THE NEUTRAL COUNTRY CAME TO THE VILLAGE TO INVESTIGATE...
THE FASCISTS AT OUR BORDER ALWAYS KNOW WHEN ALLIED PLANES ARE COMING! SOMEONE HERE IS SENDING THE NAZIS WARNINGS AND PREPARING THEM! THERE IS A TRAITOR AND A SPY AMONG YOU!
NO! THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! SEARCH OUR HOMES! WE HAVE NO WIRELESS HERE! WE HATE THE NAZIS!


THE POLICE SEARCHED EVERY NOOK AND CRANNY OF THE VILLAGE... AND FOUND NOTHING!
THERE IS ONLY ONE PLACE WE HAVEN'T SEARCHED... HERR JANUSH'S CASTLE..

THAT POOR MAN? HE DOES NOTHING BUT GRIEVE FOR HIS DEAD WIFE!
I KNOW... NEVERTHELESS, OUR ORDERS ARE TO SEARCH EVERYWHERE!


I FEEL ASHAMED, DOING THIS.. DISTURBING THE POOR MAN IN HIS SORROW!
IT'S OUR JOB, EVEN THOUGH I HATE IT!

HERR JANUSH, PARDON THIS INTRUSION... BUT OUR ORDERS ARE TO SEARCH EVERY HOUSE! WE'RE LOOKING FOR A WIRELESS SET SENDING MESSAGES TO THE NAZIS!
I UNDERSTAND! COME IN... LOOK EVERYWHERE... ONLY LEAVE ME ALONE WITH MY BELOVED!
THE POLICE FINE-COMBED THE CASTLE FROM TOP TO BOTTOM! THE SEARCH TOOK ALL DAY... BUT THEY FOUND NOTH NG BY NIGHTFALL!
PARDON, HERR JANUSH... MAY WE... MAY WE LOOK IN HERE?
OH, MY LOVED ONE! THEY WON'T LET YOU REST IN PEACE! GO AHEAD, IF YOU MUST!
ANYTH.NG?
NOTHING!
WHAT TH—?
LIGHTNING! IT MUST HAVE HIT THE WINDOW!
CRASH
WHY DON'T YOU LET A MAN ALONE IN HIS SORROW?
SORRY, SIR! WE'LL LEAVE AT ONCE!
NO! DON'T GO!
WHAT'S THAT?
A WOMAN'S VOICE! OUTSIDE THE WINDOW!
A WOMAN'S VOICE?
ESTELLA!

YOU-YOU'RE DEAD! HOW DID YOU--HOW COULD YOU..?
YES...I AM DEAD, BUT I COULD NOT REST, KNOWING WHAT I KNOW!
...KNOWING THAT YOU KILLED ME...TO USE ME...TO WARN THE FASCISTS...WHOM I HATE!
NO! NO!
LOOK IN THE COFFIN...OPEN IT...LOOK IN THE COFFIN...
NO! DON'T DO IT!
THAT'S NOT ESTELLA! IT'S SOMEONE PLAYING A JOKE...A HORRIBLE MASQUERADE! MY BELOVED... DON'T TOUCH IT!
WE'LL HAVE TO OPEN IT! IT'S THE ONLY PLACE IN THE VILLAGE WE HAVEN'T LOOKED!
BY JUPITER!
A COMPLETE WIRELESS TRANSMITTER!
ALRIGHT! ALRIGHT! I DID IT! I MARRIED HER SO I COULD KILL HER! I BURIED HER ON THE GROUNDS...AND USED THE COFFIN TO HIDE MY WIRELESS! NOW GO BACK! GO BACK TO YOUR GRAVE!
SHE'S GONE, TRAITOR... BACK TO HER GRAVE... WHERE SHE CAN REST...
COME! THE HANGMAN'S ROPE IS WAITING FOR YOU!
THE NEXT DAY, THE ALLIED BOMBERS ROARED OVERHEAD... SAFELY THIS TIME!
THE END

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by PATRICK QUENTIN

A girl dead in your apartment! Her suicide note blames you. Her angry friends say she was YOUR girl friend. But YOU have seen her ONLY ONCE in your whole life!

NEVER BET YOUR LIFE
by GEORGE H. COXE

Every cent the murdered gambler owned was willed to Dave Barnum. But Dave had to BET HIS LIFE to prove HE wasn't the killer!

ALIAS UNCLE HUGO
by MANNING COLES

Here's a top-notch espionage yarn about a young heir to a throne . . . a Russian commissar . . . and Tommy Hambledon, secret agent extraordinary!

THE NIGHT WATCH
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Every night, he trained his big binoculars on the "bachelor girl" in apartment 8-A. He got a surprising "close-up" of her private life. *Then the KILLER showed up . . .*

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by AGATHA CHRISTIE

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Hey SKINNY!
...YER RIBS ARE SHOWING!
DON'T LET HIM HIT YOU, JOE!
WATCH WHAT YOU SAY, FELLA...
SHUT UP, YOU BAG OF BONES!
DARN IT! I'M TIRED OF BEING A SKINNY SCARECROW. CHARLES ATLAS SAYS HE CAN MAKE ME A NEW MAN! I'LL GAMBLE A STAMP AND GET HIS FREE BOOK.
LATER
BOY! IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG. WHAT A BUILD. NOW I'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT BULLY.
HERE'S A LOVE-TAP— FROM THAT "BAG OF BONES," REMEMBER?
OH, JOE! YOU ARE A REAL HE-MAN, AFTER ALL.
WHAT A MAN
AND HE USED TO BE SO SKINNY!

I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too, In Only 15 Minutes a Day!

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